

Because of a Few Drops of Blood

by Ms.Myers

Category: Halloween

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2006-06-04 23:22:46

Updated: 2006-06-04 23:22:46

Packaged: 2016-04-26 22:26:27

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,523

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Katherine Crofton was only an eightyyearold when she murdered her father. She was quickly sent to the care of Smith's Grove, a mental institute. There she meets someone who is more like her than she knows, and possibly a friend.

Because of a Few Drops of Blood

When you have a thirst for killing like I do, you never forget your first murder. It seems as though the memory is burned to the inside of your skull, ready to happily play whenever you want it to.

When I first killed someone, I was only eight. My mother had died when I was two, and I had no siblings, so I lived alone with my dad at the outskirts of Haddonfield, Illinois. My dad was a huge alcohol addict. He has at least a case of beer a day, and the nastiest temper when he was drunk.

It was the day before Halloween - October 30th, 1965 - and I was already pissed off when I came home from school. My dad had beaten me earlier in the morning, which was what had pissed me off - even though it never hurt. When I came home, for once, my dad was sober.

It made me furious that he could act like nothing had ever happened. My dad sent me to bed at nine PM like always, and crawled into bed at midnight himself. I was still awake when he went into his room. I had been lying on my bed and staring up at the ceiling, letting my anger eat away at me until I could stand it no longer.

As soon as I heard my dad's door close, I crept downstairs and into the garage. My dad had a large array of knives on display in the garage. I grabbed a machete dad had forgotten to put away after sharpening it, and carried it upstairs.

I entered my dad's room without permission - something I wouldn't have ever done under other circumstances. My dad was lying in bed,

reading. He looked up when I entered.

"Kat?" he said as I walked to the bedside. "Katherine, give the knife to daddy!" Oh, how it made my blood boil to hear him talking to me like I was three! "Katherine!"

Those were the last words he ever spoke. I raised the machete high above my head and brought it down with so much force that it sliced all the way through his neck.

Our nosy neighbor, Mrs. Freeman, was the one who called the police. She came over to our house when she didn't see me get on the bus and noticed all our lights were out.

I'd left the door open when I had gone out to retrieve the machete. Mrs. Freeman found me in my room, my clothes bloodstained, listening to Mr. Sandman by the Chordettes, which was playing on the radio. As soon as she found my dad, she called the police, and they sent me to the mental infirmary: Smith's Grove - Warren County, Illinois.

It was my fourth day there when I met him. It was a rule that you were to be kept in your room so they could observe you so they could see if you were dangerous in social situations.

Apparently, I wasn't, for they allowed me in the cafeteria on my fourth day. The cafeteria was a place where socially safe patients could speak their gibberish to each other. Very few seemed to know English, and even less didn't speak.

I could tell the moment I stepped into the cafeteria that I didn't like it. It was where all the other patients socialized - and I detested their gibberish.

I chose a table furthest away from the other children, not noticing the boy I had sat across from at first because he was so quiet. I noticed him as I sat down. He had dark brown eyes that seemed black, blonde hair, and a slightly pale, completely emotionless face much like my own.

I looked at him curiously, and he did the same, his head tilted slightly to one side. He didn't say anything, nor did I; I had resolved not to speak unless I ever got out of the institute. We sat staring like that at each other for at least five minutes before interrupted.

A bald man with a gray mustache made his way over to us. He stared at the boy for a moment, before seemingly coming to his senses. "Come, Michael," he ordered. The boy looked up at the old man, and his dark eyes - if possible - seemed to show even more hate. But, he got up and followed the man down the hallway that lead to my room, leaving me to stare silently out the window.

It was a good month before either of us said anything. At first we just stared at each other, with the time when the doctor took him away being prolonged until we were together for at least twenty minutes, if not longer. It seemed as though the doctor was waiting for something.

It was also a month later when it was the first time they used shock therapy to "calm" me.

That day I sat down, yet again, across from him. We stared at each other for five minutes, before I made up my mind.

"Kat," I said, telling him my name and hoping he'd understand.

He seemed to get the message, for he replied, "Michael."

I smiled, and he smiled slightly back at me. His doctor was over to our table in what must have been record time for someone his age. He took Michael back to his room, and that's when it all started downhill for a few days.

I was angry because I had finally worked up the want to talk, and had finally found someone who actually spoke English, only to have him whisked away back to his room.

Anger and I were good friends, but that didn't mean it brought about good things. After that, I let my anger eat away at me just like I had on the eve of Halloween, and by eight, I was itching to kill again. I ruined my room as much as possible - but it wasn't enough. After all, all you could basically do was rip your bedspread up and turn over the nightstand. One of the nurses came to check on me, and I tried to strangle her to death. But more nurses came.

Technically, they didn't calm me with the shock therapy. They tried the shock therapy, but it only made me angrier. Finally they put me in one of those padded rooms for a couple days. At first, it only made me madder, but after a day, I was better.

The next day I was in the cafeteria again. I sat across from Michael as usual. He seemed slightly glad to see me, and I felt an odd happiness seeing him again. In no time, though, his doctor was at our table again.

"Come, Michael. Katherine—" I looked up at him coldly at the usage of my full name "- you come as well." In a way, I didn't want to listen to him - to make him mad like I always was. But, I went with him, walking in front of him with Michael. I gave him a confused look which he returned; he obviously had no clue to what was going on either.

Michael's room was across the hall and a couple rooms up from my room. The doctor stopped me and sent Michael into his room.

"Just so you know, my name is Dr. Samuel Loomis," the doctor said. I did not reply, just listened and stared at him coldly. "I need to try something, and I need you to help me. I would just like to have you go into Michael's room and interact with him. Can you do that for me?" I did not nod my head or shake my head, but he seemed to take that as a yes, for he opened the door for me.

I really wanted to tell him to stuff it because I was feeling extremely tired, but did not and instead went into the room. Michael and I stared each other again for a couple of moments; it seemed to be our way of greeting each other.

"Hi, Michael," I said finally.

"Hi, Kat," Michael replied in his quiet manner.

"Mind if I sit down on your bed? I've been really tired," I requested. He nodded and I walked over and sat down on his bed, leaning my head against the wall, trying not to shut my eyes for fear of being rude.

But eventually, my tiredness won and I closed my eyelids, though I tried hard not to fall asleep. A couple minutes later, I felt added weight on the bed as Michael undoubtedly sat down on the bed. I felt a nervous hand lightly caress my cheek, before running its fingers through my hair. I opened my eyes and tried to smile at Michael, but the room was spinning. I shook my head to clear the dizziness, but that didn't work. I ended up fainting, collapsing against Michael.

I'm not sure what my sickness was, but it was a bad type of fever. I had it a lot longer than I should have because I worked myself up everyday of the first week by getting angry. Being sick gave me a sense of helplessness, and I hated feeling helpless. I actually caused a nurse to black out due to lack of oxygen when I strangled her on that Wednesday because of the severe bout of anger I'd worked myself into that day.

It was a full three weeks before I got over the sickness, and another week being "quarantined" so I wouldn't cause the other patients to be sick. I was happy to be well again; for one, I didn't feel helpless, and for another, more personal reason, because I got to see Michael.

It was a nice day when I was well again, and they had actually let us have the option of going outside instead of sitting inside the cafeteria. Michael approached me outside, and for once said something first.

"Better?" he asked. I nodded, grinning. "Good."

"Thanks," I replied, turning a slight shade of pink like all little girls do when they are around guys, and I gave him a hug to show my thanks. Apparently, not all of the patients were happy about my being there for some reason.

Not but five minutes later, one of the sanest among us walked over and pushed me for no reason. Catching me off-guard, I fell hard on my butt. Before I could even get up and hurt the laughing child, Michael stepped forward.

Sensing trouble, one of the guards started toward our little group. He made it over to us and escorted Michael back to his room, but not before Michael gave the kid a nice bloody nose.

I stood staring at the entrance to the psychiatric ward for the time I was out there, wondering why Michael had acted like that. But when they took me back into my room, I was soon put alone in the padded room again. I had sat there, working myself into one of my fits of anger, mad because they'd taken away my friend for no good reason. I'd tried to attack another nurse, earning me four days in the padded room.

The day I came back from the padded room, Dr. Loomis seemed to be interested in another attempt to get Michael to socialize under his

watchful eye. But, we knew what he wanted. He wanted Michael to seem human, and we knew somehow that that wasn't a good thing for him to find out. So instead, I joined him in staring out the window, which apparently was as much of an everyday activity with him as staring at the ceiling was with me.

That didn't put an end to our little arranged "play dates", if you will. Dr.Loomis was a determined person, and soon was alternating between my and Michael's rooms with our weekly visits.

I think the eve of Halloween of my 3rd year in the institution was the second most interesting, when Michael and I were both fourteen. I had started out the day with an odd mood like all the other eves of Halloween, only because I had extreme mixes of feelings due to the fact that it was the day I had killed my dad.

When I walked into the cafeteria and saw Michael, my heart seemed to jump for joy, but I connected it with my weird mood swings and ignored it - I'd adapted to just ignore my odd feelings in the first month I was at the institute because I was constantly like that until the main effect of my father's death wore off. Although my feelings this time seemed to feel the need to influence my life today.

Instead of sitting across from him like normal, I had an odd urge to sit beside him. So I sat beside him and laid my head on his shoulder. He tensed up for a few minutes, and I understood why because we seemed oddly like each other in many different ways. It was because, like myself, he sort of had to "get use to" each time someone touched him, for lack of better words. But after a few moments, I felt him rest his head against the top of my head.

We straightened up quickly as we saw Dr.Loomis start toward our table. He stared at us strangely for a moment, before speaking. "Come Michael, you too, Katherine," he ordered. We went obediently with him; I didn't know about him, but to me company was nice thing to have if it was allowed.

He led us to Michael's room, so I joined him in staring out the window as usual, the chairs facing so that our backs were to the door and we were close together. After a moment, I felt his hand placed on top of my own and my muscles tightened momentarily. But my heart seemed to soften ever so slightly under his touch.

We were only under Dr.Loomis's watch for ten minutes, a third of the normal time, before we heard someone come in. We didn't move except for Michael to take his hand off mine. A nurse walked in and kneeled down in front of us, blocking our view out of the window.

"Michael, you have a visitor. Kat—" the look I gave her told her plenty well that it wasn't her best option to remove me. After all, she had been one of the nurses I'd tried to strangle when I got mad. "Well, I suppose it won't do any harm if you stay."

The nurse stood and left the room for a couple of seconds. She reentered with two other people. One was a woman who looked to be in her early forties, the other was a girl who looked ten.

The nurse brought the girl over to us while the woman stood a short distance away. "Laurie, this is, as I'm sure you know, Michael. And

this is Kat," the nurse said brightly, giving us short introductions. "Michael, I'm sure you remember Laurie. Kat, this is Michael's younger sister, Laurie."

I distinctly heard the woman ask the nurse who I was. I heard the nurse reply, "That's just Katherine Crofton, Michael's little friend. Michael's doctor, Dr. Samuel Loomis, lets them interact outside of the cafeteria. Michael and Kat seem to be the only ones who understand each other and will communicate with. And besides, they're harmless toward each other, so we can't find anything wrong with it."

After a couple of moments, the little girl by the name of Laurie tried to get one of us to talk. I wondered if all the other people were really this stupid to think we'd talk to any of them.

"Hi Michael, remember me?" she asked, but as expected, Michael didn't reply. After a few more tries, she started on me. "Hi. Why are you here?" Yet again she grew bored with trying to get me to talk. So she started telling Michael about everything that had been going on at her home, but he didn't seem to pay attention or care.

The woman knew long before Laurie that we wouldn't respond to her. So after a little while, Laurie and her step mom left.

I said that was the second most interesting day. The first was sometime in September, when we were both sixteen.

It started out like every other day, I sat by Michael in the cafeteria and Dr. Loomis retrieved us both. We were mildly surprised when he stopped at my room instead of Michael's. He'd figured out the disadvantage to him a long time ago. It was the way my room was set up; the door was at the front of the room to the right. While my bed was at the front of the room to the left. The only window into the room, aside from the one that showed the outside, was on the door, so he couldn't watch everything as well if we stayed to the left side of the room.

I laid on my back on top my bed, planning on staring up at the ceiling. Michael usually stared out the window like in his room, but that day he decided to join me in staring at the ceiling. He laid on the bed beside me, and I rested my upper body across his chest, nuzzling my head against his neck. We lay like that for a couple of minutes, before remembering Dr. Loomis could walk in at any moment.

My hand slipped as I went to sit up, and I ended up falling against him, our lips touching like we were kissing. I quickly sat up, embarrassed, and looked away, turning slightly pink. But Michael sat up and gently turned my head to face him, before leaning forward and pressing his lips against mine.

When we pulled apart, I was smiling and blushing, while he was smiling fully for the first time. I grinned wider and gave him a hug, before we realized again the danger of not knowing when Dr. Loomis would decide to enter the room.

The saddest day would have had to have been the day I left. I'd gone on trial when I was 20 to be judged whether I should be further incarcerated or freed. Surprisingly, I was freed.

It would have been the sappiest soap opera scene ever, had it not taken place in a mental institute. I should have been happy I was leaving, but I wasn't.

That day, neither of us cared if Dr. Loomis may or may not have been watching. I sat in his lap in his room, my head against his neck, his arms around me, and his hands in my lap being clasped tightly by my own hands.

"Promise me you'll come find me if you get out," I said, feeling a tear seep out from under my eyelid.

"Of course," he replied, taking his hand from my grasp and wiping away my tear.

"I love you, Michael," I said quietly. It was the first time I had ever told him this, but I knew it was true. I opened my eyes to see his reaction.

"I love you too, Kat," he replied. I flung my arms around his neck, hugging him tightly, never wanting to let him go, and I let the tears roll freely. He ran his fingers down my spine a few times with a sort of calming effect.

After a few minutes, I stopped hugging him, and stared into his dark eyes, feeling lost. I had never thought about our trials: about the fact that they were a year apart, about the possibility we might not both get out, about what I would do without him for the year we had to wait for his trial - or worse, what I would do if he wasn't freed and was sentenced to another 15 years, or even worse still; if he was never freed and had to live out the rest of his life in the psychiatric ward. I couldn't bear visiting him everyday of our lives in the mental institute, and I wouldn't be able to live knowing I was free while he had to live in the infirmary.

He leaned forward and our lips met. For those few moments, my worries faded away and all I could focus on was how much I loved him. His tongue traced my bottom lip, and I parted both, allowing his tongue entrance.

After we pulled apart, I hugged him tightly again and cried, wishing I didn't have to leave. But I quickly jumped up and wiped away my tears as the door opened. It was a nurse. She told me it was time for me to leave.

I looked at Michael sadly, looking over my shoulder as I left the room. The nurse escorted me to the cab that was waiting for me, ready to take me wherever, I guessed. I slid into the cab feeling utterly lost and empty. The cab driver said something, but I didn't hear him.

"Excuse me?" I said.

"I said, where to little lady?" the cab driver said. He was a man that looked around his late forties; he was almost bald and had a brown mustache.

"Oh. 115 Weschester Lane," I replied, planning to see if my old house had someone in it or not. He tipped his hat and he drove off, and I looked back at the mental hospital, watching it shrink in the

distance.

"You don't seem very happy for someone who's leaving the loony bin. I know I'd be, with all the weird people there," the man said.

"Don't you dare say that!" I said hotly, thinking of Michael still stuck in that horrible place.

"You know what happened at that house you're going to? A little eight-year-old girl killed her father. One day she walked right down to the garage and got a machete, went into her dad's room and slice! Just like that, decapitated him... Say, you wouldn't happen to be Katherine Crofton, would you? She went to the same sanitarium you just got out of."

"No, I'm Molly Bennerston," I said, inventing a name wildly. I thought it best not to let anyone know who I was. "But I knew Kat. I grew up a couple houses down the road. She was a pretty good friend in the psychiatric ward."

"You're awful smart sounding for a person who was in the loony bin," the driver said with a hint of suspicion.

"Some of us start out quiet, but when you get to know us, we're great," I replied. That was the same thing I thought about Michael after we'd finally talked. I felt a twinge of pain in my heart thinking about Michael.

It was a very long drive at 149 miles to Weschester Lane, so the driver was becoming very annoying and was starting to make me angry. As you may or may not have guessed by now, it's not in people's best interest to make me angry. He continued asking me things about the mental ward. I told him about the cafeteria and about my friend Benny, a "cover-up" name for Michael I pulled out of thin air.

By the time the cab driver dropped me off at my old house, I was seething due to anger at being annoyed for 149 miles. I found a black baseball cap on the sidewalk and pulled the cap low over my eyes so people couldn't see my face well. There was an old, brown, rusty car parked in the open garage, so I knew someone was living there. I walked into the back yard, furious that someone would dare put my house on the market, let alone buy it.

So, that leaves me here, alone and lying on an old moth-eaten bed that supposedly was Michael's when he was a kid, before he got sent to Smith's Grove. I heard movement downstairs, and then I soon definitely heard footsteps coming up the stairs. I was going to kill whatever idiot kid, or adult for that matter, thought it was safe to come in this house.

The idiot came directly to me in Michael's room, where I was standing to meet him. He was tall, somewhere in-between 6 and 7 feet tall, wearing a farmer's overalls and long-sleeved blue shirt, and I white mask with auburn hair that stuck out in places. I felt slightly vulnerable for he had a butcher knife, but I didn't let it get to me - I'd dealt with worse. I made to kick him in the face to get him to drop the knife at least. He grabbed me by the leg and threw me to the floor.

I was getting mad now. I looked around for anything to use against

him as he walked toward me, but I could only see the bedspread and the mirror. The mirror! The mirror was broken and several pieces of the broken glass were lying on the table.

I backed up to the table and grabbed the biggest piece, waiting for him to get closer. When he got about an inch away from me, he faltered in trying to hurt me with the knife and I took my chance. I stabbed him in her side of the head with the glass, and he fell to the ground, unmoving, as though he was dead.

I didn't trust the guy and grabbed the knife off the ground. I tried to make sure he couldn't get up by sitting on his chest and placing my knees on his inner elbows, but my slim build probably wouldn't keep any man down.

"Now to see who the fuck you are!" I said angrily, gripping the knife tightly, before talking the mask off of the guy. I almost screamed seeing who it was. "Holy shit!" I whispered, quickly getting off of him. I dropped the butcher knife and it clattered to the floor, and Infelt tears forming. "Holy shit, holy shit, please don't let me have killed him. Please, please, please!"

I looked for any signs of life and noticed he was definitely still breathing. I threw off my hat as he sat up so he would recognize me. I threw my arms around him and hugged him as tightly as I had on that day I'd left Smith's Grove, crying just as hard, happy that I'd never have to let him go again.

End
file.